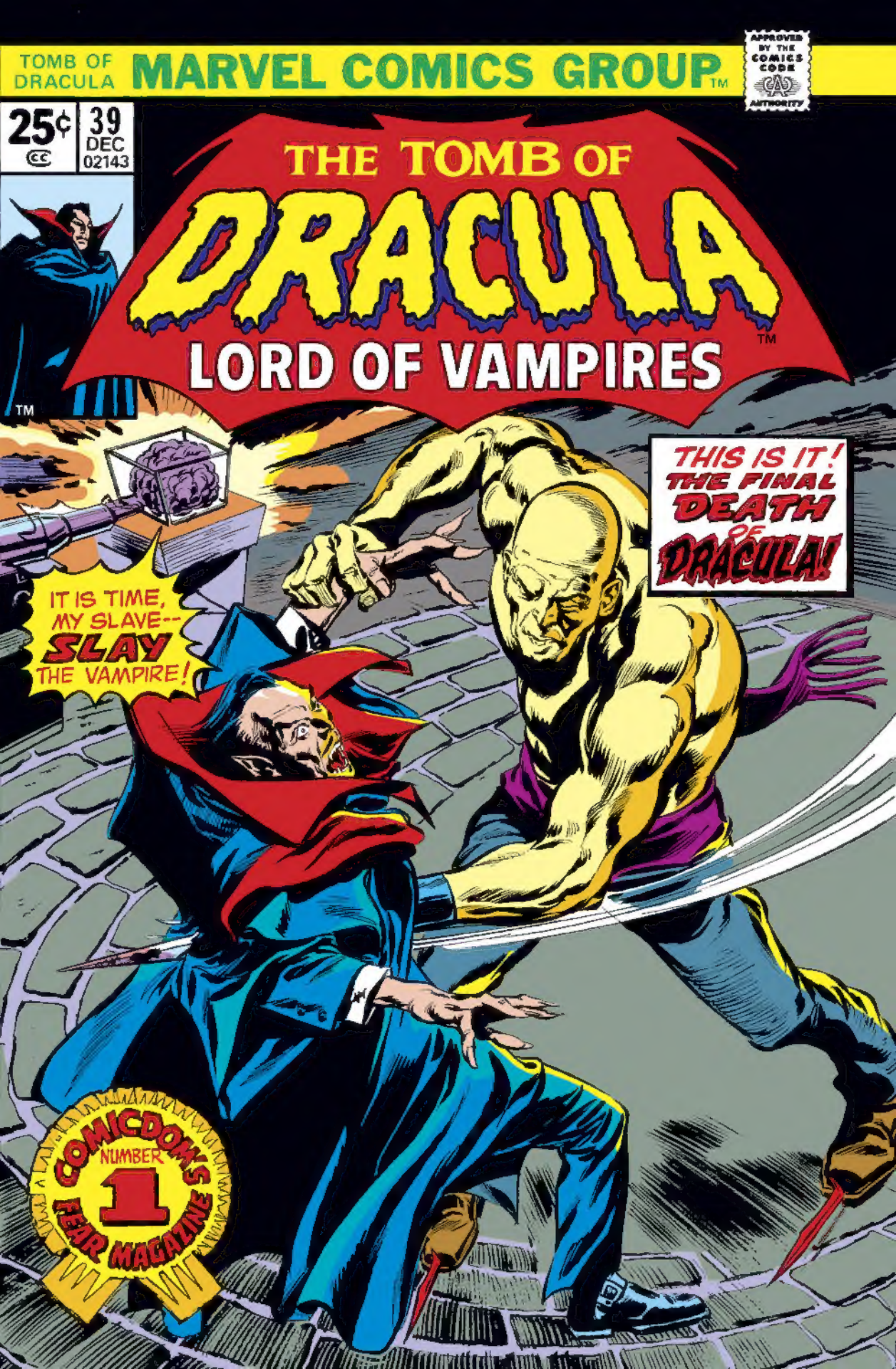
TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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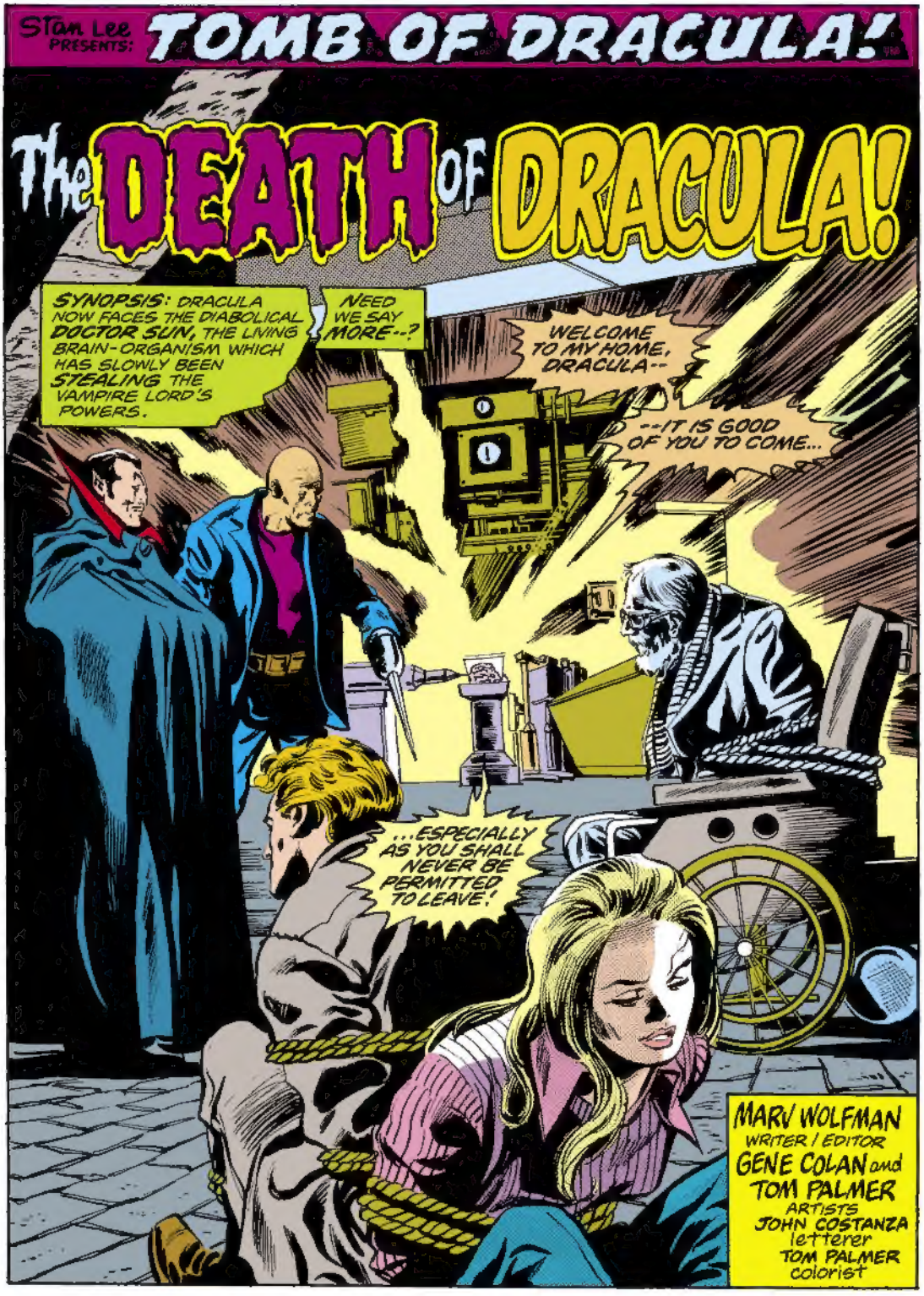
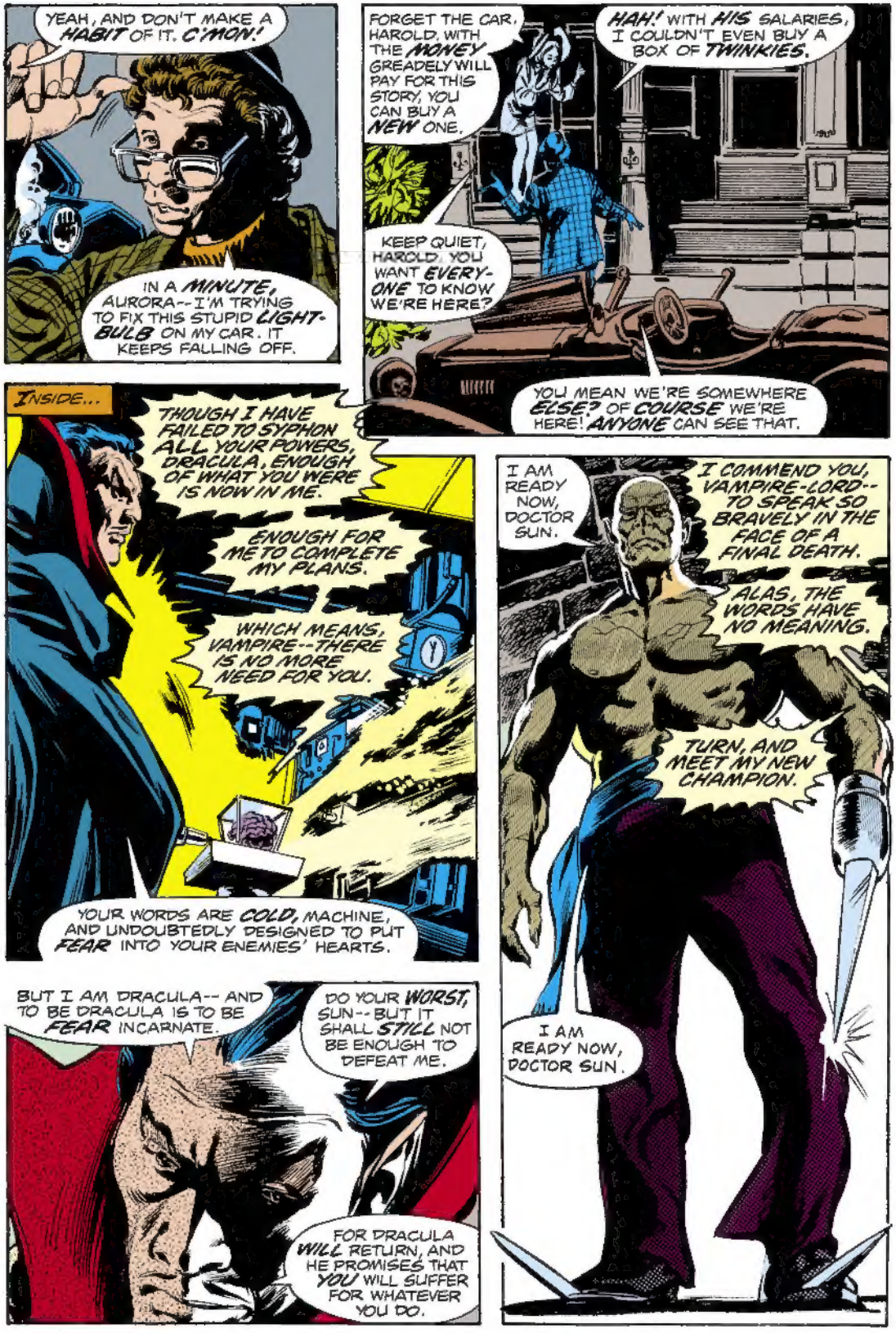
THE TOMB OF
DRACULA™
LORD OF VAMPIRES
IT IS TIME, MY SLAVE-- SLAY THE VAMPIRE!
THIS IS IT! THE FINAL DEATH OF DRACULA!
COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE

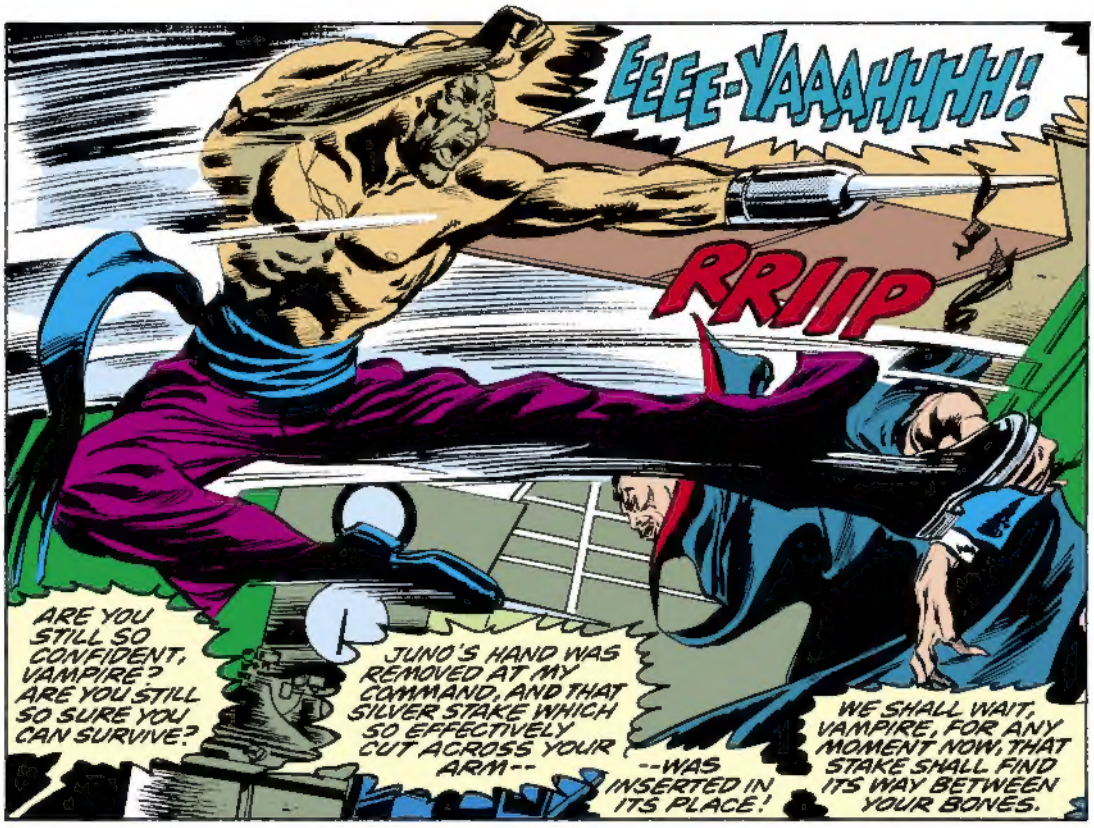

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!
The DEATH OF DRACULA!
SYNOPSIS: DRACULA NOW FACES THE DIABOLICAL DOCTOR SUN, THE LIVING BRAIN-ORGANISM WHICH HAS SLOWLY BEEN STEALING THE VAMPIRE LORD'S POWERS.
NEED WE SAY MORE--?
WELCOME TO MY HOME, DRACULA--
--IT IS GOOD OF YOU TO COME...
...ESPECIALLY AS YOU SHALL NEVER BE PERMITTED TO LEAVE!
MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER / EDITOR
GENE COLAN and TOM PALMER
ARTISTS
JOHN COSTANZA
letterer
TOM PALMER
colorist

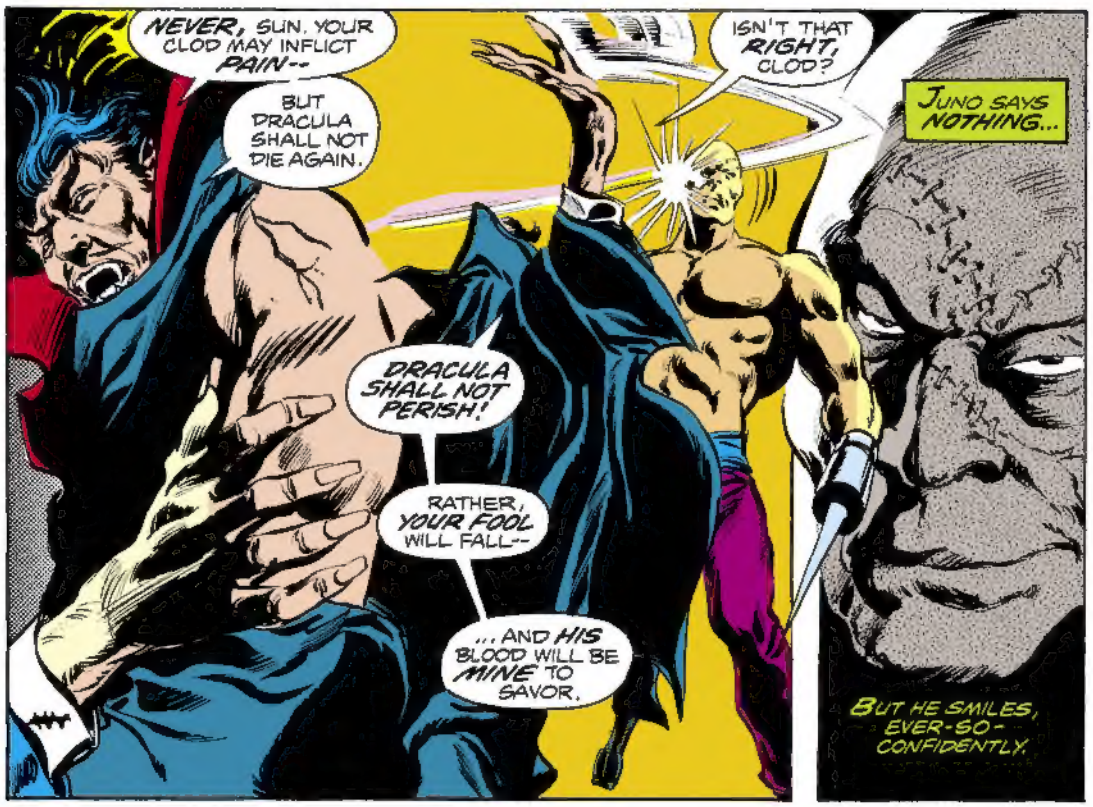
I'VE HEARD THAT THREAT BEFORE, SUN--THAT TIME IN THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS.
HAVE YOU NOTHING NEW TO ADD TO YOUR RANTINGS?
OR ARE YOU SIMPLY CONTENT TO REST ON YOUR UNEARNED LAURELS?
ONLY ONE FURTHER ITEM OF BUSINESS, VAMPIRE--THE MATTER OF YOUR STILL-DIMINISHED POWERS.
YOUR ARROGANCE IS BACKED WITH PAPER-THREATS--FOR THIS TIME YOU ARE QUITE, QUITE POWERLESS TO RESIST... OR TO SURVIVE!
I'VE BROUGHT TOGETHER A GALLERY OF YOUR CLOSEST FRIENDS TO OBSERVE YOUR DEATH, VAMPIRE.
AND, WHEN YOU ARE IN THE FINAL, PAINFUL AGONY OF YOUR LAST MOMENTS ON EARTH, THESE WILL BE THE FACES... THE VERY LAST FACES, YOU SHALL EVER SEE.
JUNO, ARE YOU READY?
IT WILL ONLY TAKE A MOMENT, DOCTOR SUN.
THEN PREPARE: THE ENTERTAINMENT WILL SOON COMMENCE.
DRACULA TENSES HIMSELF: HE KNOWS SUN'S WORDS RING TRUE. THOUGH QUINCY HARKER HAD DESTROYED THE COMPUTER-SECTION WHICH WAS DRAINING HIS POWERS...
...THE VAMPIRE-LORD STILL FAILS TO POSSESS STRENGTH ENOUGH TO SURVIVE A SUDDEN, DEADLY ONSLAUGHT.
MEANWHILE, A MAKESHIFT AND WHOLLY INADEQUATE CALVARY SPEEDS TO DRACULA'S RESCUE--A CALVARY COMPOSED OF FREE-LANCE WRITER HAROLD H. HAROLD, AND EXECUTIVE SECRETARY AURORA RABINOWITZ.
HURRY UP, HAROLD! WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY'VE ALREADY DONE TO DRACULA.
I'M HURRYING! I'M HURRYING! IT'S THIS STUPID CAR OF MINE THAT ISN'T.
IT ABSOLUTELY REFUSES TO GO OVER THIRTY MILES PER HOUR.
MAYBE IF I TRY WHIPPING IT...?
SCREEEEEE

DON'T YOU EVEN CARE ABOUT DRACULA--? AFTER ALL, HE GAVE YOU THAT INTERVIEW YOU NEEDED FOR YOUR ARTICLE.
YOU MEAN HE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE IT, AURORA. BEFORE HE SAID A WORD, THAT GUY WITH THE SILVER STAKE IN HIS ARM TOOK HIM AWAY.
SO I STILL DON'T HAVE AN INTERVIEW, AND AND GREADELY WILL STILL FIRE ME.
DON'T BE SUCH A SHNOOK, HAROLD. GREADELY HAS A SOFT HEART.
SOFT HEAD YOU MEAN. HIS HEART BROKE THE SCALE IN THE "HARDER-THAN-DIAMOND-CATEGORY!"
I LIED WHEN I SAID I COULD GET HIM HIS VAMPIRE INTERVIEW, AND JUST BY LUCK I FELL INTO THIS MESS.
BUT HE'LL STILL KILL ME WHEN I FLUB IT.
KNOWING GREADELY, HE WON'T EVEN STOP AFTER HE KILLS ME.
HE'LL GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO EMBARRASS ME AS WELL.
NOT THAT I HAVE MUCH TO BE EMBARRASSED BY.
EXCEPT EVERY-THING.
SCREECH
KLUNK
CLANG
STOP HERE, HAROLD. THAT BALD MAN AND DRACULA CAME THIS WAY.
HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OF THAT?
DIDN'T YOU EVER HEAR OF "WOMEN'S INTUITION?"
SURE! AND THE TOOTH FAIRY, AND SANTA CLAUS, TOO. HOW CAN YOU BE SURE HE STOPPED HERE?
YOU'RE A SPOIL-SPORT, HAROLD-- YOU TAKE THE MYSTERY OUT OF EVERYTHING.
THAT BALD-GUY'S CAR IS PARKED OVER THERE --THAT'S HOW I KNOW. NOW, C'MON.
AURORA, DO YOU REALIZE THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE EVER GONE OUT TOGETHER?

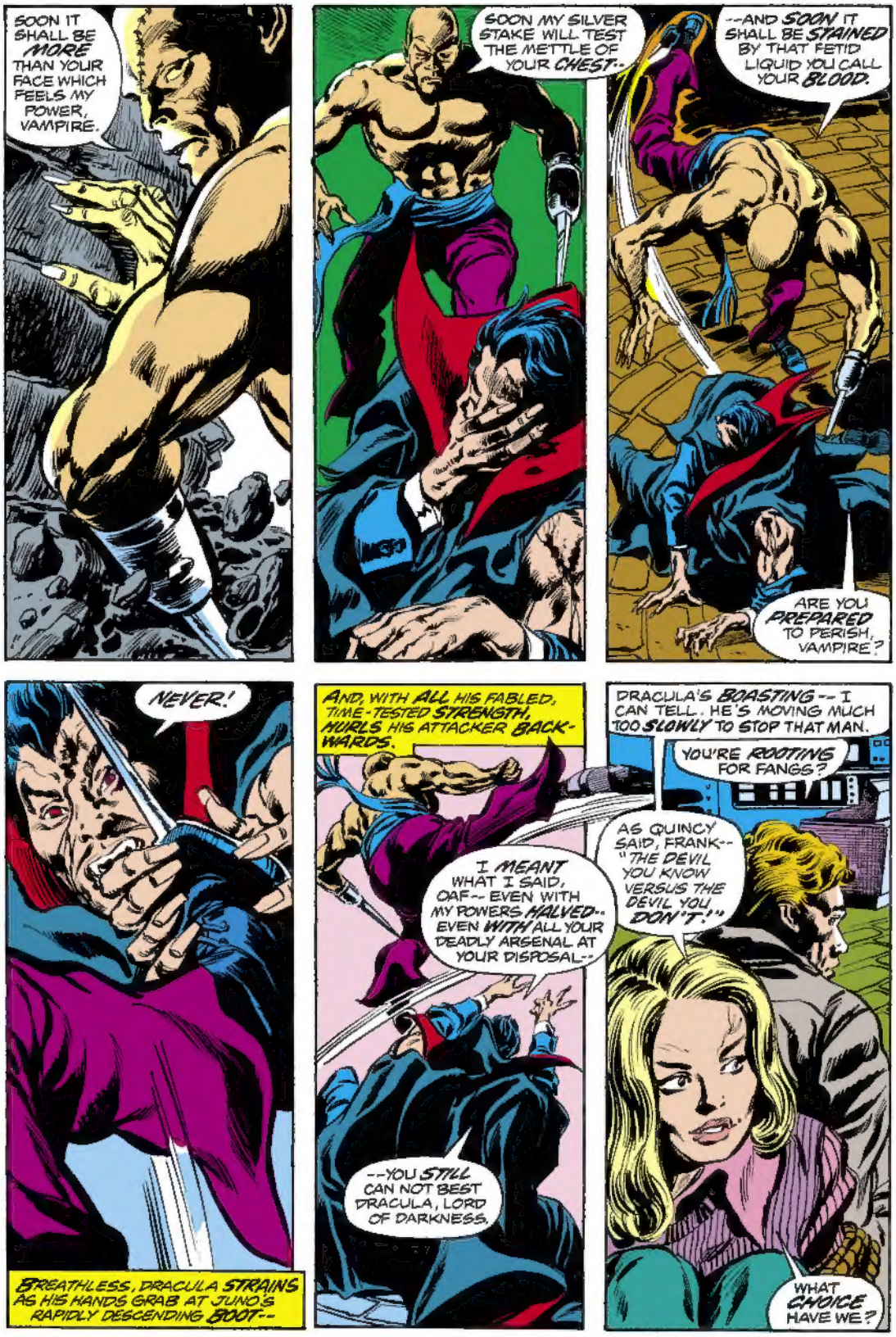

YEAH, AND DON'T MAKE A HABIT OF IT. C'MON!
IN A MINUTE, AURORA--I'M TRYING TO FIX THIS STUPID LIGHT-BULB ON MY CAR. IT KEEPS FALLING OFF.
FORGET THE CAR, HAROLD. WITH THE MONEY GREADELY WILL PAY FOR THIS STORY, YOU CAN BUY A NEW ONE.
HAH! WITH HIS SALARIES, I COULDN'T EVEN BUY A BOX OF TWINKIES.
KEEP QUIET, HAROLD. YOU WANT EVERY-ONE TO KNOW WE'RE HERE?
YOU MEAN WE'RE SOMEWHERE ELSE? OF COURSE WE'RE HERE! ANYONE CAN SEE THAT.
INSIDE...
THOUGH I HAVE FAILED TO SYPHON ALL YOUR POWERS, DRACULA, ENOUGH OF WHAT YOU WERE IS NOW IN ME.
ENOUGH FOR ME TO COMPLETE MY PLANS.
WHICH MEANS, VAMPIRE--THERE IS NO MORE NEED FOR YOU.
YOUR WORDS ARE COLD, MACHINE, AND UNDOUBTEDLY DESIGNED TO PUT FEAR INTO YOUR ENEMIES' HEARTS.
I AM READY NOW, DOCTOR SUN.
I COMMEND YOU, VAMPIRE-LORD--TO SPEAK SO BRAVELY IN THE FACE OF A FINAL DEATH.
ALAS, THE WORDS HAVE NO MEANING.
TURN, AND MEET MY NEW CHAMPION.
I AM READY NOW, DOCTOR SUN.
BUT I AM DRACULA--AND TO BE DRACULA IS TO BE FEAR INCARNATE.
DO YOUR WORST, SUN--BUT IT SHALL STILL NOT BE ENOUGH TO DEFEAT ME.
FOR DRACULA WILL RETURN, AND HE PROMISES THAT YOU WILL SUFFER FOR WHATEVER YOU DO.

FOR THE PAST MONTHS YOU HAVE WATCHED AS YOUR VAMPIRIC POWERS WANED. YOUR MIND BECAME CONFUSED, YOUR ACTIONS WERE NO LONGER DEFINITE, YOUR WORDS NO LONGER CALCULATING.
THAT WAS THE PRELUDE TO THE DEATH WHICH SHALL NOW BE YOURS.
I HAVE EXISTED FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, SUN, IN THAT TIME I'VE BATTLED ENEMIES FAR GREATER THAN YOU.
AND THEY ARE ALL DEAD NOW-- AND TOSSED LIKE COMMON TRASH INTO A MAGGOT-INFESTED GRAVE.
BUT I STILL SURVIVE, REMEMBER THAT, SUN, I STILL SURVIVE.
WE SHALL SOON SEE, DRACULA.
JUNO! BEGIN!
YES, DOCTOR SUN.
FOR YOU, I SHALL SLAY THE VAMPIRE.
FOR YOU, I SHALL KILL!


EEEE-YAAAHHHH!
RRIIP
ARE YOU STILL SO CONFIDENT, VAMPIRE? ARE YOU STILL SO SURE YOU CAN SURVIVE?
JUNO'S HAND WAS REMOVED AT MY COMMAND, AND THAT SILVER STAKE WHICH SO EFFECTIVELY CUT ACROSS YOUR ARM--
--WAS INSERTED IN ITS PLACE!
WE SHALL WAIT, VAMPIRE, FOR ANY MOMENT NOW, THAT STAKE SHALL FIND ITS WAY BETWEEN YOUR BONES.


NEVER, SUN. YOUR CLOD MAY INFLICT PAIN--
BUT DRACULA SHALL NOT DIE AGAIN.
DRACULA SHALL NOT PERISH!
RATHER, YOUR FOOL WILL FALL--
... AND HIS BLOOD WILL BE MINE TO SAVOR.
ISN'T THAT RIGHT, CLOD?
JUNO SAYS NOTHING...
BUT HE SMILES, EVER-SO-CONFIDENTLY.

THEN SUDDENLY LUNGES FORWARD.
TWACK!
DRACULA TURNS AND DUCKS AS THE SILVER STAKE FLASHES MENACINGLY BY HIS FACE.
ONE HAIR CLOSER, AND THE LIFE-BLOOD THE LORD OF VAMPIRES SO DESPERATELY NEEDS, WOULD HAVE BEEN SPILT, WASTED UPON THE GROUND.
BUT NOW THERE IS A MOMENT TO PAUSE, A MOMENT TO GIRD HIMSELF--
--BEFORE RETURNING THE DEADLY ONSLAUGHT.
STUCK, OAF? CAN'T YOU REMOVE THAT RIDICULOUS WEAPON OF YOURS FROM THE WALL?
AH, IT SEEMS THAT YOU CAN NOT...
...WHICH MAKES IT MORE THE PITY.
FOR WHEN YOU ARE DEAD, YOU WILL SIMPLY HANG THERE UNTIL YOUR FLESH CRUMBLES TO ASH.
I AM NOT HELPLESS, VAMPIRE.
WHAT MY HANDS CANNOT FIGHT, MY FEET MAY STILL DESTROY.
ARGHHH!
SATAN-SPAWN! MY FACE--!!
YOU'VE RIPPED OPEN MY FACE!!


SOON IT SHALL BE MORE THAN YOUR FACE WHICH FEELS MY POWER, VAMPIRE.
SOON MY SILVER STAKE WILL TEST THE METTLE OF YOUR CHEST--
--AND SOON IT SHALL BE STAINED BY THAT FETID LIQUID YOU CALL YOUR BLOOD.
ARE YOU PREPARED TO PERISH, VAMPIRE?
NEVER!
BREATHLESS, DRACULA STRAINS AS HIS HANDS GRAB AT JUNO'S RAPIDLY DESCENDING BOOT--
AND, WITH ALL HIS FABLED, TIME-TESTED STRENGTH, HURLS HIS ATTACKER BACK-WARDS.
I MEANT WHAT I SAID, OAF-- EVEN WITH MY POWERS HALVED-- EVEN WITH ALL YOUR DEADLY ARSENAL AT YOUR DISPOSAL--
--YOU STILL CAN NOT BEST DRACULA, LORD OF DARKNESS.
DRACULA'S BOASTING -- I CAN TELL. HE'S MOVING MUCH TOO SLOWLY TO STOP THAT MAN.
YOU'RE ROOTING FOR FANGS?
AS QUINCY SAID, FRANK-- "THE DEVIL YOU KNOW VERSUS THE DEVIL YOU DON'T."
WHAT CHOICE HAVE WE?

DOCTOR SUN'S INTENTIONS ARE EVEN MORE GHASTLY TO THINK ABOUT THAN DRACULA'S.
FOR, WHATEVER DRACULA HAS WISHED FOR, THE WORLD STILL CONTINUES TO TURN--WITHOUT MANY MAJOR CHANGES.
YET, IF SUN SHOULD BE VICTORIOUS..
...I SHUDDER TO THINK HOW THE FUTURE WILL BE CHANGED.
EEEE-YAHH!
QUINCY! FRANK!--LOOK!
DRACULA'S DOWN!
DOWN BUT HARDLY OUT, MY DEAR.
I WAS, AS THE AMERICANS SO QUAINTLY PUT IT--"PLAYING POSSUM."
WAITING FOR THE OAF TO CHARGE ME--
--THAT I MAY TURN HIS ATTACK AGAINST HIM.
THUD
DOCTOR SUN WATCHES CONTENTEDLY. HIS CALCULATIONS HAVE PROVEN 89% ACCURATE.
NOT ALTOGETHER BAD FOR HIS NON-COMPUTER HALF.
AND, IF A SMILE OF SATISFACTION COULD COME, IT WOULD.
BUT THEN--
YOU TWO--? FROM THE APARTMENT--? BUT HOW?!?
DRACULA!?!
DO SOMETHING, HAROLD. HE LOOKS HURT.

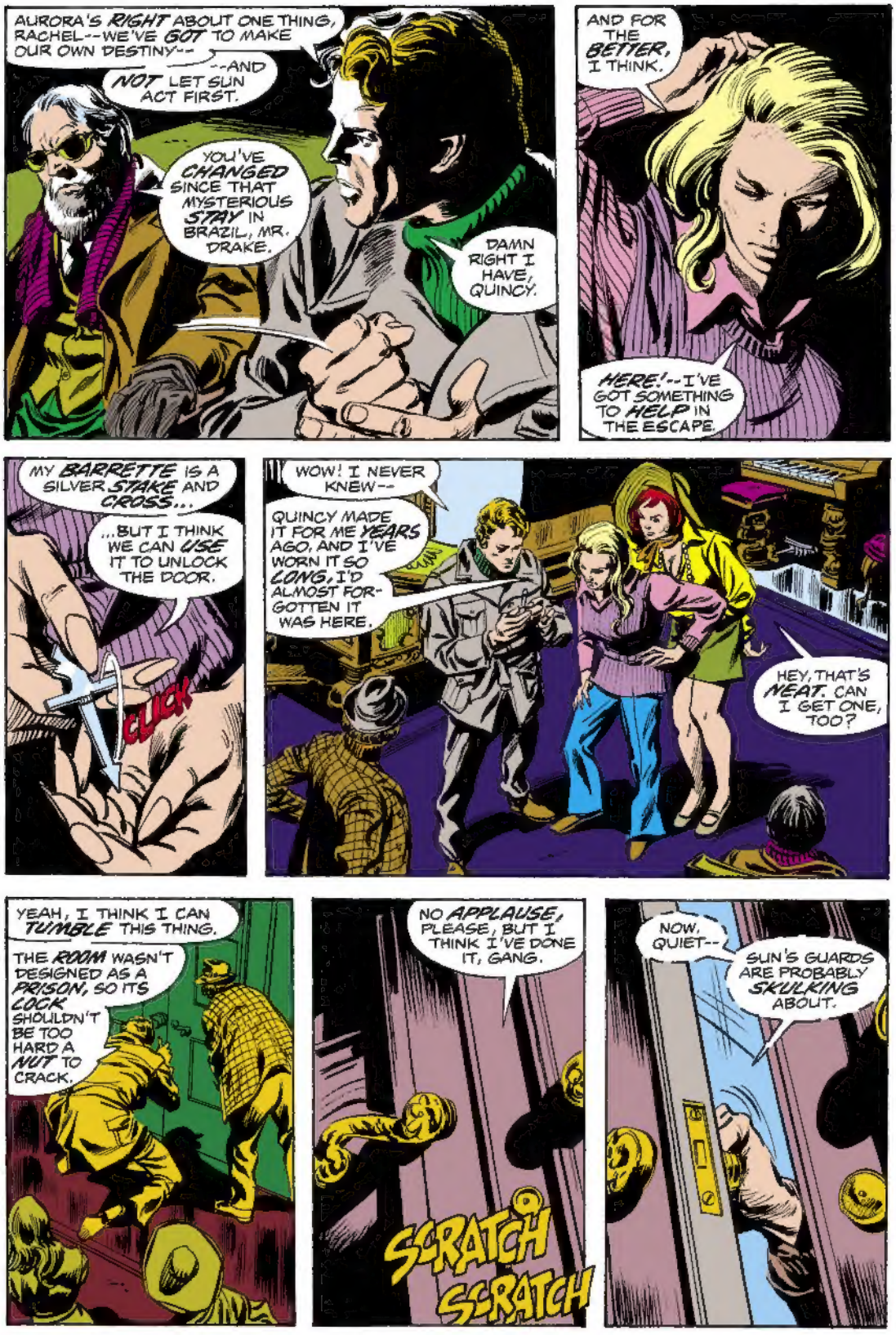
WHO THE DEVIL--? DRACULA SEEMS TO KNOW THOSE TWO.
HE UNDOUBTEDLY MADE SOME ACQUAINTANCES WHILE IN BOSTON.
BUT THOSE TWO HARDLY SEEM HIS TYPE.
CONFUSION: IT MAY LAST ONLY A MOMENT, BUT IN THAT BRIEF INSTANT WHEN DRACULA PAUSES TO STARE AT THE UNEXPECTED INTRUDERS--
--JUNO ACTS...
...WITH DEADLY ACCURACY.
WHAT?!?
VERY GOOD, OAF--YOU TOOK PROPER ADVANTAGE OF ME.
...AS I WOULD. HAVE *CHOKE* DONE WITH YOU.
...HARKER. VAN HELSING I AM SORRY FOR YOU--
--IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN. YOU WHO. SLAYED ME..
CHOKE.. YOU WHO I HAVE. RESPECTED AS MY GREATEST OF FOES...
...ALAS...THERE ARE...CRUEL FATES...
.. I DO NOT LIKE BEING. SLAIN.. BY A MACHINE.
THERE IS...NO SATISFACTION.. IN THAT.
. ONLY.. *CHOKE*. COLD DISDAIN...

...AND I AM NOT... A COLO MAN...*CHOKE*
...I HAVE... MY PASSIONS... AND... MY HATES...
DOCTOR SUN... BEFORE *CHOKE*... BEFORE I PERISH.. KNOW - KNOW THIS..
YOU ARE STILL... *CHOKE*... STILL AN UNWORTHY FOE..
...STILL...
...AN..
...UNNGGGHHHHHHHH!!!
UNWORTHY? PERHAPS BY YOUR STANDARDS, FORMER LORD OF VAMPIRES.
BUT WHAT DOES UNWORTHINESS WEIGH WHEN IT RESTS ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE VICTORIOUS?
I LIVE, DRACULA.
YOU NO LONGER DO.
DRACULA!!! OH MY GOODNESS, THEY'VE KILLED HIM!
GET BACK HERE AURORA SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'RE IN SOME KINDA TROUBLE.
YOU WANNA MAKE IT WORSE?
JUNO! STOP THE GIRL!
SHE CAN STILL INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS BEFORE DRACULA'S DEMISE CAN BE FULLY SEALED!

BACK, WOMAN. YOU MUST NOT APPROACH THE CORPSE.
HEY, WATCH YOUR HANDS. I HAPPEN TO BE A LADY.
NOW MOVE, YOU BIG JERK. I HAVE TO HELP DRACULA.
BETTER LET ME HANDLE THIS, AURORA
I THINK I CAN TALK TO HIM MAN-TO-MAN.
SIR--?
AWAY, FOOL
SO MUCH FOR A MAN-TO-MAN TALK.
I SHOULDA REALIZED IT WAS MORE LIKE A SHNOOK-TO-NEANDER-THAL DISCUSSION.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LAD?
I'M LIVING, PROVIDING YOU CAN CALL MY LIFE LIVING
IT'S MORE LIKE "SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST PLUS ONE!" I'M GOD'S CHARITY CASE.
WELL, AT LEAST I'M STILL BREATH-ING. I THINK.
NOW, BEFORE I DO THE SAME WITH YOU. AWAY!
OKAY! OKAY! I'M GOING!
DON'T LAY ANOTHER FINGER ON ME.

IGNORE OUR GUESTS, JUNO. YOU HAVE WORK TO DO.
THE FIRE-HOSE!
IT IS READY, DOCTOR SUN.
THEN, BEGIN!
COMPLETE! DRACULA HAS FINALLY BEEN DESTROYED!
AND NOW I POSSESS HIS POWERS...AND NOW I CAN CONTROL WHAT HE NEVER COULD--
--THE WORLD!
COLLECT THE ASHES AND PLACE THEM IN THE URN. I WISH TO HAVE THEM HERE TO GLOAT AT WHEN THE URGE IS THERE.
WHEN MAY I RETURN TO CHINA, DOCTOR SUN?
SOON, JUNO-- VERY SOON!

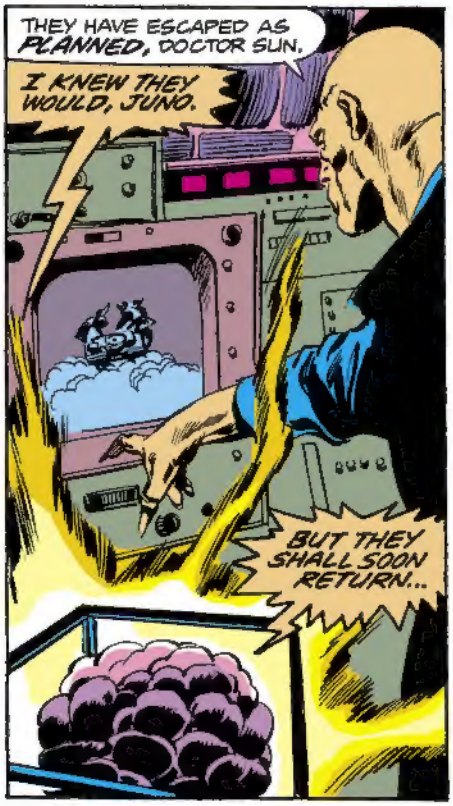
FOR, ONLY ONE FURTHER PHASE TO MY PLAN REMAINS. ONE WHICH REQUIRES OUR GUESTS, TIMELY ESCAPE.
PLACE THEM IN THE PREPARED ROOM, JUNO.
SHORTLY...
WE'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE
GREADELY WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I MISS HIS DEADLINE.
WORRYING WON'T HELP ANY, EH--?
HAROLD H. HAROLD, SIR. WRITER, JOURNALIST, AND FREELANCE PACER.
AND THE LOVELY BEDECKED VISION YOU SEE CRYING OVER THERE IS THE INCOMPARABLE AURORA RABINOWITZ, SECRETARY TO MY BOSS, ADOLPH HITLER, JR.
HOW CAN YOU MAKE JOKES AT A TIME LIKE THIS, HAROLD?
DRACULA'S DEAD, MAYBE FOREVER, IF NOT LONGER.
WE SHOULD BE FIGHTING TO SAVE HIM, OR SOMETHING.
DRACULA WAS A MURDERER, AURORA-- ONE WE'VE HUNTED FOR YEARS.
I'M NOT ABOUT TO CHANGE MY FEELINGS NOW
BUT I THINK I LOVE HIM.
"THINK" IS RIGHT. I'M WELL AWARE OF DRACULA'S HYPNOTIC ABILITIES--
--AND THE TOTALLY MYSTICAL ATTRACTION HE HAS WITH WOMEN.
BUT, BELIEVE ME--HE DESERVES DEATH MORE THAN ANYONE EVER HAS.
I LOVE HIM JUST THE SAME.

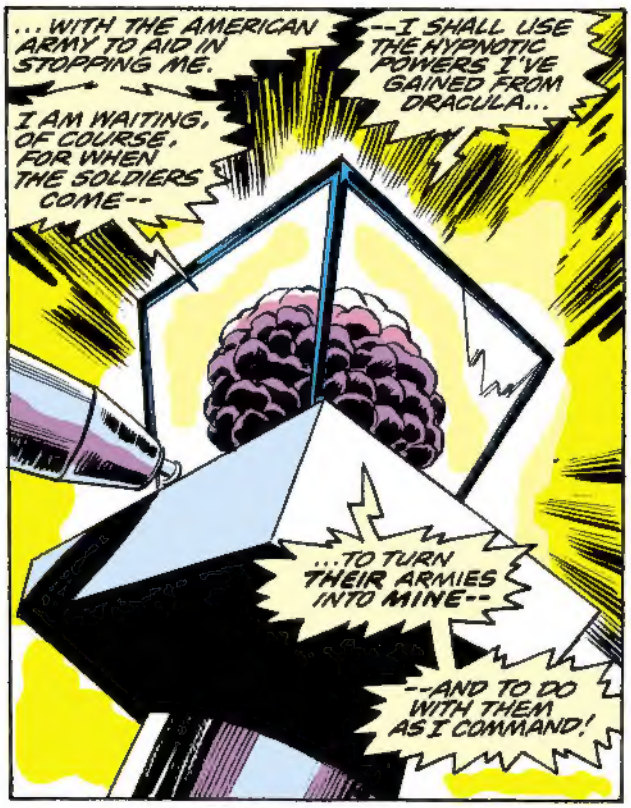

AURORA'S RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING, RACHEL--WE'VE GOT TO MAKE OUR OWN DESTINY--
--AND NOT LET SUN ACT FIRST.
YOU'VE CHANGED SINCE THAT MYSTERIOUS STAY IN BRAZIL, MR. DRAKE.
DAMN RIGHT I HAVE, QUINCY.
AND FOR THE BETTER, I THINK.
HERE!--I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO HELP IN THE ESCAPE.
MY BARRETTE IS A SILVER STAKE AND CROSS...
...BUT I THINK WE CAN USE IT TO UNLOCK THE DOOR.
CLICK
WOW! I NEVER KNEW--
QUINCY MADE IT FOR ME YEARS AGO, AND I'VE WORN IT SO LONG, I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT WAS HERE.
HEY, THAT'S NEAT. CAN I GET ONE, TOO?
YEAH, I THINK I CAN TUMBLE THIS THING.
THE ROOM WASN'T DESIGNED AS A PRISON, SO ITS LOCK SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD A NUT TO CRACK.
NO APPLAUSE, PLEASE, BUT I THINK I'VE DONE IT, GANG.
SCRATCH SCRATCH
NOW, QUIET--
SUN'S GUARDS ARE PROBABLY SKULKING ABOUT.

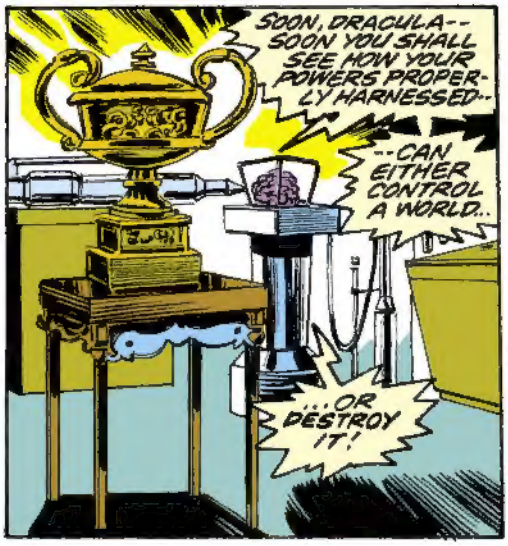
I WAS RIGHT-- THERE'S A CREEP IN THE CORRIDOR.
COME HERE, AURORA. I THINK WE CAN USE YOU HERE.
LISTEN...
HEY, HANDSOME, I'M HUNGRY.
GOT SOME GUM?
?
DO YOU UNDER-STAND ME?
FRIENDS WERE RIGHT ABOUT THESE AMERICAN WOMEN.
LUCKY ME.
NEXT TIME, GOOGLE-EYES, LOOK BEFORE YOU LEECH!
IT JUST MAY SAVE YOUR NECK.
C'MON--I THINK THE REST OF THE WAY MAY BE CLEAR.
AND, IF NOT, I HAVE THIS HANDY RIFLE HERE.
HEY, WAIT FOR ME--
OOOOPPPPDSSS!
HAROLD!

YOU'RE SO CLUMSY, HAROLD. YOU'D PROBABLY LOSE YOUR HEAD IF YOU COULD.
I DID, ONCE. FORTUNATELY A DOCTOR WAS NEARBY AND STUCK IT BACK USING SOME "NUTTY PUTTY!"
AW, DON'T KID AROUND WITH ME, HAROLD.
YOU ARE KIDDING, AREN'T YOU?
NOPE!
WOW!
CAREFUL WITH QUINCY, FRANK. BUT HURRY!

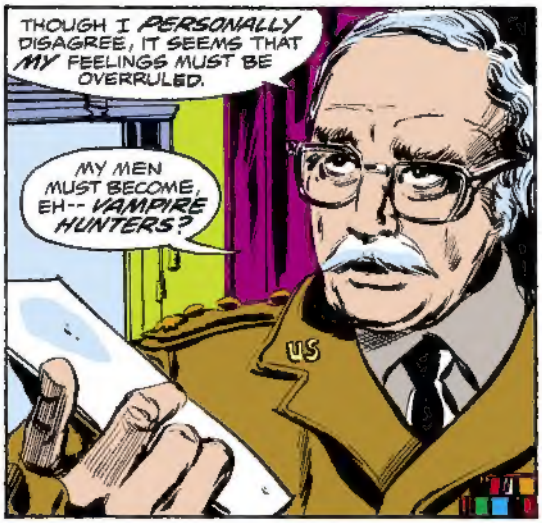
RACHEL, YOU HAVE A DEFINITE TALENT FOR DEMANDING THE IMPOSSIBLE--
--ON A RUSH BASIS.
HANG ON EVERYONE-- WE'RE OFF AND CRAWLING!
BAM BAM

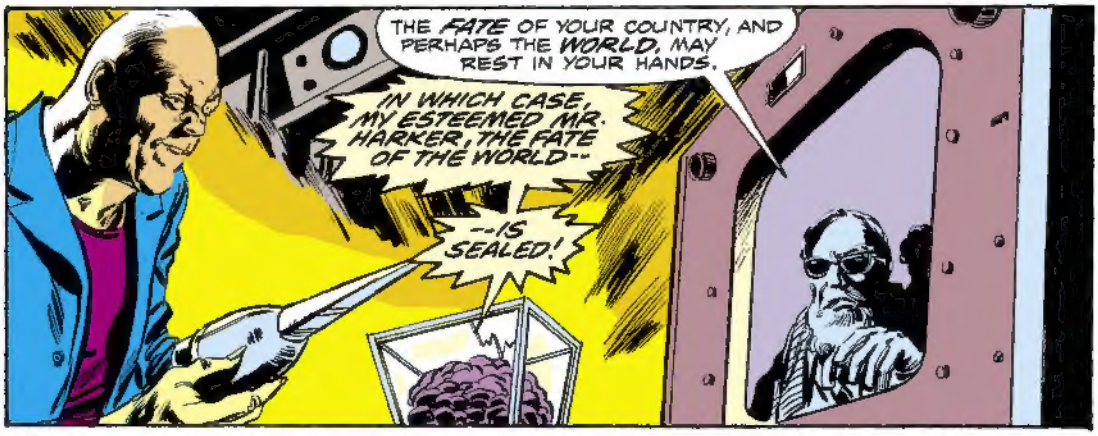

THEY HAVE ESCAPED AS PLANNED, DOCTOR SUN.
I KNEW THEY WOULD, JUNO.
BUT THEY SHALL SOON RETURN..


...WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY TO AID IN STOPPING ME.
--I SHALL USE THE HYPNOTIC POWERS I'VE GAINED FROM DRACULA...
I AM WAITING, OF COURSE, FOR WHEN THE SOLDIERS COME--
...TO TURN THEIR ARMIES INTO MINE--
--AND TO DO WITH THEM AS I COMMAND!



THE F.B.I. AND SCOTLAND YARD VOUCHED FOR YOU, MR. HARKER--YOU HAVE FRIENDS IN RATHER HIGH PLACES.
AND THE PRESIDENT SAYS I SHOULD CO-OPERATE WITH YOU.




THE FATE OF YOUR COUNTRY, AND PERHAPS THE WORLD, MAY REST IN YOUR HANDS.
IN WHICH CASE, MY ESTEEMED MR. HARKER, THE FATE OF THE WORLD--
--IS SEALED!

NEXT: AN ARMY AT WAR! A COUNTRY DESTROYED!